

¶ The following poem is from the pen of a very beautiful and very young lady of a Hoosier

city south of us. It displays a vein of humor which will be appreciated by those who know how for "Home Pictures" will bear tracing, and at what point they must stop.

We hope to hear again from Miss K. . .
For the Straight Course.

HOME PICTURES.

They built like a copper roof that force,
 Near the side of the kitchen shed,
 The last of the old house was kept,
 And scarcely would he under any pretext,
 For he made her soup and served her pail
 For the "salty dog" where she might be said,
 And the old man that the neighbor told,
 Full of sorrow, old of years,
 Near her the grunting Angel stood,
 Expressing himself as well as she could,
 That the soup, when made, probably would,
 If not for the fact that he was good—
 Good to warm, plain, good to warm—
 Good to warm Tommy's bones and nose!
 And very decided it was to see
 Nothing to do but to do as he knew,
 Unhappily stooped with an old man's pain
 To catch some fish, a nation's sin
 Gave warning for all to "win who can"
 The supper was broken, and all the re-
 sults of the dinner were left to the

(C) The following beautiful production is from the pen of a young contributor to the *Sentinel*. It will be read with interest :

Communicated.

Once more my portfolio is open before me, my pen is in my hand, my ink is waiting near, and still I hesitate—my thoughts are wandering, now they mindfully, yet maliciously tell me that all is ready; then they dart away into some wild ragary or improbable fancy; here revision to complete a paragraph, there

which time only can be complete,—and in which my friends and I are the chief-movers,—and again we are living over the past, dwelling on its hours gone by, and lingering over many scenes, which from the rest, stand forth, in marks of joy or sorrow.

It is a day that invites repose, for there is a quiet atmosphere that only pervades the Sabbath; the sun has a peculiarly gentle glance for the smiling earth, and the tephrys as they impart life-motion to the graceful foliage without, awake to tuneful melody the notes from my window, and form a plaintive harmony with the subdued trill of the lora song of the robin.

It is the hour of church service, and the thoughts from their homes, in answer to the peal

g chiming of the bells, many have gone up in worship to the house of prayer—and they slowly move onward, some to the small *cottages church* beyond, less imposing in appearance than any other in our city, but which draws within its walls the majority of

the intellectual and spiritual of our community, and some to the gorgeous edifice where God is worshipped with forms bent on velvet cushions, and prayers are read from books with golden clasps. Occasionally I recognize a familiar face and form, and then my eyes

Follow them till they are lost in the distance,
 or till they are hid by the city hall across the
 way. How the heart bounds and the pulse
 quickens, as far away from home and friends,
 and a comparative stranger, the eye catches
 glimpses of "some one to sight and soul."

your image is enshrined and that between you and them, there is a magnetic chain which they cannot fail to feel, and that over you exerts a powerful influence.

And all are seeking for Heaven and hap-

ness, but in this search how divergent are
the paths we tread And can those souls
whose paths on earth so widely separate,
who have no sympathies in common, no
thoughts in unison, in the spirit world meet
and in one sphere commingle? Ah! no—me-

kinship of kindred soul with kindred soul, spirit with
kindred spirit shall blend, and in an upward
onward course together move on through
the endless cycles of eternity.

And still they move on, and still we are all
moving on to the great Sabbath of our lives.

And now that the last lingering one has been gathered within the sacred wall, and the streets seem empty and deserted, Nature commences her sermon to me; no organ peals forth—but a choir of fathered songsters, with voices of sweetest modulation, and accents

attuned to melody, sing and speak to me of God's ineffable love. Each tree and shrub and every living thing join in the chorus, and the united music of the spheres, rises to a heavenly throne. This communion with the beautiful and good elevates the soul, for as

Nature bears no inharmonious chord, it raises us in the scale of being, until by assimilation we become good and pure.

EMMA ELTON.

New York, May 13, '55.

The Contrast.

"By a full and independent exercise of suffrage and appointing power, they, (Catholics) should be excluded from the offices of the government, in all its departments."—*TRUTH.*

J. FLOURNEY.

A GRAVE CHARGE.—A western editor enumerates a long list of annoyances and grievances, and winds up as follows:

"I was vexed too by a painter, who had been paid in advance to paint my sign board."

been paid in advance to paint me a sign; but he must go a sailing in the bay on Sunday and get drowned—just like as not on my money, anyhow, he *died* and made me no sign."

TO THE KAPPING SPIRITS.

If, in your new attire, you cannot rest,
 Yet must return, oh! grant us this request:
 Come with a noble and celestial air,

And praise your titles to the names you bear;
Give some clear tokens of your heavenly birth;
Write as good English as you write on earth,
And what were once superfluous to advise,
Don't tell, I beg you, such egregious lies. (3.1.115-119)

☞ The immigration at New York during the last month was quite large, amounting to 20,000. With the exception of furnishing the land

Germany, 2,842; England, 1,376.

❧ The snow at Franconia, New Hampshire, which enjoys the reputation of being the coldest town in the United States, was

Wm. G. Flourney, brother of the Know Nothing candidate for Governor of Virginia, has taken the stump for Wise. The Know Nothing candidate's friends would have him take the stump for the State.

It is understood that Powells, the American Sculptor, has amassed a competency by his genius, and proposes to return to his native land and enjoy it, in the course of three or four years.

☞ The time fixed upon for the end of the world by the followers of Father Miller is very near. The conflagration is, according to their calculation, to come off on the 19th inst.

Ship Ben Franklin, and the bark Cashier Augustus, for \$480,000. It is said that he wants them for the purpose of blockading Acapulco.